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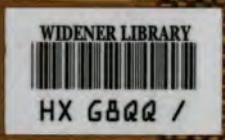

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FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

1582

SULTAN SHAM,

AND HIS

SEVEN WIVES:

An Historical, Romantic, Heroic Poem,

IN THREE CANTOS.

By HUDIBRAS, THE YOUNGER.

"And Solomon had seven hundred wives, princesses, and three "hundred concubines, and his wives turned away his heart."

1st KINGS, xi. 3.

"A King may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if the name serves "to frighten our enemies and secure our property, 'tis well enough. "A scare-crow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn."

SWIFT.

London:

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SULTAN SHAM,

Seven Tribes.

WEST of the river Kianku,*
Where clouds are ting'd with azure blue,
The mountain's verge is ever seen,
By nature painted lovely green;
The bleating flocks stray on each hill,
And echo cheers each purling rill;
'Twas in this garden, far and wide,
The natives journey'd side by side,
In all the useful kindred arts,
And *una voce* played their parts;
Where law and right gave restitution,
And modell'd well a constitution;
The pride of all the nations round;
In theory, none could be found
Its equal, nothing could be better;
Its system, justice to the letter;

* A river in China.

Its ground-work, liberty and right,
The rich man's guard, the poor's delight;
The structure mixed with art and skill,
Where every freeman held a will;—
A will that no one could annoy,
Nor king, nor prince, would dare destroy;
All claims, by justice, well protected,
And neighbours honestly selected.
But human nature, all sublime,
Must bend to that grand master, Time;
Who spares no mortal, all must go
Into decay, in time, we know:
But as it is my pride and glory
To finish well this eastern story,
I shall endeavour to begin it,
And introduce the parties in it;
Without parade or useless bluster,
The characters I'll try to muster.
We know it is a common thing
To make the hero, prince or king;
Tho' he may not be worth a doit,
He must uphold some great exploit;
As great commanders, in a battle,
Get laurels—soldiers lie like cattle
Piled up in heaps! in death! in pain!—
The more reward the more is slain:

And while the leader is protected,
The rank and file are oft neglected.
This nation, as the Poet sings,
Had a long race of queens and kings;
Yet kings and queens in time decay,
Such things do happen every day:
Those should be rear'd in wisdom's schools,
Still some are knaves as well as fools.
The former the intriguing dam,
The latter sire of *Sultan Sham*,
Who by his mate was always led,
For want of something in his head:
In avarice she all exceeded,
And grasp'd at power as she proceeded;
A long and mischief-making life,
Since she became *Sham's* wedded wife;
She shuffl'd thro' the Court her power,
And made all feel it, sweet or sour;
Of state she took the weight and *cares*;
A charm open'd the old back stairs,
To where her private conclave met;
A dark, designing, hungry set.
For others she didn't care a d——n,
As she could manage Sultan Sham;
And thro' her creatures' sordid sway,
She rul'd the roast both night and day;

And while she revel'd great in riches,
She often mended Sham's old breeches,
And lest the means in time should fail her,
She'd keep a shilling from the tailor;
And when the poor, like hungry dogs,
Look'd round, her milk she gave the hogs.
Her charities the world well know
Were nought but ostentatious show;
Altho' the people think it odd,
Gold was her idol, power her god.
No matter what, a present came
She'd take it, would this worldly dame;
She did delight in stores of wealth,
Much more than in her husband's health;
She riches daily was amassing,
In penury none her surpassing.
To lessen every poor man's food;
In time she got a comely, brood;
The first of which, a modest lad,
The name and heir of Sultan Sham,
Whose early thoughts, whose acts and glory,
Shall form the sequel of my story.
In childhood he, as other boys,
Lov'd folly, fun, and every noise;
While he approach'd an age mature,
Sound precepts did his mind secure:

When Bacchus said he would contend
That Venus should not be his friend;
Young Sham to irritate was loth,
He promis'd he would worship both.
And first, to lead an honest life,
He robb'd another of his wife;
A woman, fam'd for wit and beauty,
Was now depriv'd of love and duty.
To him who in the bloom of youth,
She pledg'd her heart, her soul, her truth,
And as she was the first election,
We must account for Sham's rejection.
Roberta was the husband's name,
And Sham the author of his shame,
Resolv'd upon a wicked trick,
Invented likely by Old Nick.
Roberta sought the streets and stews,
To catch at measures to abuse
His pretty, wanton, faithless wife,
And well succeeded 'pon my life.
Now youthful Sham became infected,
As if by Providence directed.
A curse on him who'd lead astray,
With mischiefs on a lonely way,
Throughout this vilely wicked world;
This unprotected female hurl'd,

Who spent her future days in grief,
Till death accomplish'd her relief!
When fancy leads a man to rove,
And change, from face to face, his love,
Tho' from his fancy he is parted,
He never feels quite broken hearted;
But seeks in change a consolation,
To chear his bosom's agitation.
Such were the thoughts of roving Sham,
Without consent of dad or mam:
Fitzbert, a youthful widow fair,
He placed his thoughts and fancies there;
His love increased like fire and fury,
And none but she alone could cure he;
He haunted her both day and night;
She was his joy, his soul's delight;
That for her love, and her alone,
He'd share a palace or a throne.
All would not do; not love or wrath
Could lead her from fair virtue's path;
And in her train a slave he tarried,
He pressed, entreated, to get married;
That he'd in future spend his life
With her his only lawful wife.
She to his vows and prayers consented,
And threaten'd mischief so prevented.

As they did not profess one creed
Across the Persian Gulph agreed,
She being to the choran giv'n,
Thro' Pagan faith he look'd for Heav'n;
And when across the channel sail'd,
Both in the bonds of wedlock nail'd,
Next by a Pagan priest were tied,
Then every power and cross defied!
Now back to China, as he landed,
His beauteous bride he proudly handed
Off to his palace, and his love
He call'd to witness God above!
For years attention to his wife
Had mark'd the progress of his life;
And her, the faithful lovely she,
Made earth and heaven both agree;
Their love encreased; no interruption,
Until assaulted by corruption,
Which caused him day and night to fret,
Being over head and ears in debt.
The Sultan Sham at once required
That his great heir should be desired,
First to prepare, no loss of time,
To make atonement for his crime,
And tho' he had of wives a dozen,
He still must wed his lovely cousin;

That if he should in progress fail,
He'd let the spendthrift rot in jail,
Where he should stay till all was blue,
Young Sham cried, Sir! it will not do;
I have a wife I love in truth;
Po, po, po, pox! a trick of youth.
The Vizer cried, oh! mighty Sultan,
Pray is his cousin the result on?
If so, let's use all quick dispatch,
It is a glorious happy match;
To wed such sweet, such foreign honey,
The people will not grudge the money;
Altho' the thing may forward strife,
He still can keep his other wife;
Or, if he chooses to have many,
I think I'll manage his old mammy;
For in the double trick she's knowing,
So once again we'll set him going.
To have the heir of such a crown
By poverty and debt kept down,
Is shameful, all the people say,
So if you wed they'd surely pay.
Young Sham was not in morals nice,
He then consented in a trice.
When Sultan Sham, in Stentor's voice,
Now did uproariously rejoice;

But Mam believ'd herself insulted,
Because she was not first consulted,
She wish'd he'd make his bone of bone
Some sly dependent of her own;
For did her son but marry t'other,
She'd soon be thought above his moth.
But *Sultan Sham*, tho' not addicted
Oft to rebel when contradicted,
He strongly on this point insisting,
In vain to think of once resisting.
The Vizer gain'd his ends direct,
As Sultan Sham could ne'er reflect.
The Vizer, then, did loud proclaim
Young Sham's preferment was his aim;
Who was, as ev'ry tradesman well knows,
In credit, yea, out at the elbows.
Then all the flats, with conscience hollow,
The happy news would sagely swallow.
Ambassadors in quick time went,
While *Mam* some courtly missions sent
To greet the Princess with the story,
And hope she'd add eternal glory
To this projected, all-wise plan
Of her relation, *Sultan Sham*.
Her sire, an ancient man of war,
Would not his daughter's prospects mar;

He, on this good and great alliance,
Had plac'd the most direct reliance;
He told fair *Caralettra* too,
To give consent, or she should rue.
Least you might think I merit blame,
That was the beauteous fair one's name;
As he had built his hopes upon it,
And would not be diverted from it;
Yet still she knew Sham's female friends
Would go to h---ll to get their ends;
No happiness could ever she
Expect from such a debauchee,
This she enforced upon her dad,
Who roar'd and bellow'd like one mad;
He swore if she would not, he'd force her,
If Sham the next day should divorce her;
That if she would his glory barter,
She might become herself a martyr,
The threats he'd put in execution,
And cause a tedious dissolution;
Her choice was to become a wife,
Or be confined alone for life!
Cruel dictate for a father,
Who would have sacrific'd her rather
Than let his weak ambitious views,
Great Sultan Sham's demand refuse;

He, with the help of his good dame,
Now gain'd consent, ah! what a shame!
The bridal presents now appear'd,
The lofty plumes in splendor rear'd,
The jewels costly, glitter'd bright,
Old Mars felt glory and delight;
With pleasure he run nearly wild,
To see his dear, his favour'd child
The partner of a mighty throne,
The thought was happiness alone.
Now maids of honor were presented,
For which Carletta oft repented;
As Sultan Sham's Sultana strove
To nip the bud of wedded love,
She therefore sent some ladies gay,
For mischief's purpose many say;
The first, a dame, let's call her *Chersce*,
For such, I pray the Lord have mercy;
All honest hearts must now despise
The wretch who sent these active spies.
Carletta found she should depart,
And many a pang it cost her heart,
While round her did these vultures hover,
A blooming rose ere she came over.
From Persia to the Chinese shore,
They smote her, h---ll could do no more.

For be it known, this ancient dame,
Of youthful Sham had been a flame,
And with a true adulterous knowledge,
She knew the rules of court and college;
She slyly watch'd each look and motion,
As they were wafted cross the ocean.
When spies are paid for information,
With deep and hellish penetration,
From looks they measure the intent,
And money makes them all invent
The blackest falsehoods they can find,
To suit their curs'd employers' mind;
Whose orders they direct abuse,
And right or wrong will send them news.
For so it was with this regatta,
They stigmatized poor *Caroletta*.
The old Sultana little car'd
How this poor injur'd Princess far'd,
But as she must put on a face,
She then assumed affected grace;
Tho' malice did her soul divide,
She welcom'd home the lovely bride,
Whom she presented to her son,
The prize which he had proudly won.
The Sultan Sham felt mighty pleasure
To find her lovely, without measure;

In sense and wisdom, all sublime,
That happiness she would entwine;
His heart was fix'd on her alone,
To gild a cottage or a throne;
That his great heir with love should greet her,
And at the holy altar meet her,
There being danger in delay,
He should not wait another day.
The people view'd this constellation,
And spoke aloud their approbation;
For had a Stoic but admired,
She would his frigid bosom fired;
Her beauties mingled with such grace,
And Cupids playing round her face;
Her manner must a cynic please;
Her person, elegance and ease;
While all around, her mein admired:
The Sultana, with envy fired,
Determined, either right or wrong,
She should not reign so favour'd long;
Then set about to make a spell,
The sequel will the story tell.
The courtly pomp was advertised,
The marriage rite was solemnized;
The pageant emblems quickly fled,
Then both were tuck'd compact in bed.

The bridal day and night concluded,
The rising sun had now intruded:
The lovely Caroletta rose,
Her married blushes to disclose:
While joy and sweet congratulation
Was echo'd loudly thro' the nation;
And prating gossips briefly swear,
The wedding night produced an heir.
Old Sham, delighted with the choice,
Ordain'd that all should then rejoice;
Yet, still, his rib had ne'er forgot
Her minions, or her favour'd plot;
Then strictly set a steady watch,
To try if they could only catch
A word, a hint, a sign, a token,
In earnest or in jesting spoken:
As her ambition could not brook it,
Her hate would never overlook it:
There should exist no favour'd she,
Nor Caroletta exalted be,
She said, a second sun shan't shine,
The gold and glory must be mine.
Poor Caroletta lov'd her mother,
Her father, and her valiant brother;
And with a daughter's open heart,
She wrote an abstract of the part

She took in all the festive sports,
But wrote too much, as some reports;
That things were as she apprehended,
Her new mamma was not amended;
The character the lady bore,
Was that she often heard before.
Sultana Sham had sent to know,
If on her friends she would bestow
A letter, message, or a note,
As she, next day, would send a boat
To China, in the usual way,
And longer she could not delay.
Poor Caroletta, unsuspected,
The packet speedily directed,
And sent it by the maid of honour,
Who opened it, oh, fie upon her!
Then read it---gave it to another,
'Twas no one but the young Sham's mother,
Who seized at once the wish'd for prize,
Pull'd out her specks, then wip'd her eyes;
Malignantly perused each line,
Such was her wicked base design;
And when the reading she had done,
She ran triumphant to her son,
And with an anxious cruel air,
She cried, Sham, look! ah, look you there:

You see your lovely wedded wife,
Already sicken'd of her life;
You see, your mother she abuses,
And all your kindred here ill uses;
You are not mention'd, it is true,
Tho' she cares not a fig for you.
Now Sham, in dudgeon, it is said,
Forsook poor Caroletta's bed;
And, thro' his mammy's instigation,
He made a cruel separation,
And sacrific'd her hopes in life,
His unsuspecting virtuous wife:
Oh! what a wretched, wicked crew,
Whose plots alone the Devil knew,
To blight this lovely beauteous flower,
Whose glory lasted not an hour.
Poor Caroletta daily grew
In shape, as other women do;
How cruel was the dread sensation;
How weighty was the obligation
On him, who caused her grief and pain,
To fix her in her place again:
But no, there's many while they live,
Will not forget, no, nor forgive;
This was the case, as others say,
It was apparent every day.

When nine long months had nearly ended,
The poor neglected wife, unfriended,
Brought forth a sweet, a heavenly child,
With features fair and aspect mild;
Which from the mother's bosom tore
By this hell-cat, who could do more?
For if the fiends did conspire,
And scatter'd round eternal fire,
They could not punish the distress'd,
Than drag the infant from the breast
Of its adoring, doating mother—
'Twas work for demons, and no other!!!

END OF CANTO I.

CANTO II.

CAROLETTA with benignant mind,
Of earthly comforts few could find;
Surrounded by the imps of wealth,
She saw her child alone by stealth.
By Pagan rites this lovely child
Was by the name of *Latte* stil'd.

The Grannam Keen took special care
She should not tamper with the heir
Of Sultan Sham, who grew dejected,
From causes many well suspected,
Of some complaints he'd had before,
That now appear'd with something more,
But science, skill, and strict adherence
To regimen and perseverance,
Protracted that, which death alone
Could give young Sham his daddy's throne.
Altho' distemper round him hover'd.
The Sultan Sham at last recover'd.
Poor Caroletta felt reviv'd
That her dear honor'd monarch liv'd,
She justly had his special favor,
Tho' every art and foul endeavour
Was daily practis'd on his mind,
To make him to her virtues blind,
The Sultan still the wiles resisted,
That she should see him he insisted;
And also see her infant too,
Let those who dare refuse her, do!
This was too much for Mother Snout,
She thought it might be brought about,
Thro' son and wife conciliation,
Which would give pleasure to the nation.

But lo! the hag with cunning arts,
Call'd those around to play their parts,
Whom she employ'd to blast the name
Of poor Carletta's honest fame;
Employ'd great lords and ladies gay,
With servants, as the people say.
Poor Caroletta, without fear,
Went to the sea-coast every year,
To reinstate her shatter'd health,
Her only store, her only wealth,
Which wanted aid of peace and rest,
Tho' with benignant notions blest;
But in this bleak sequester'd scene,
Where titled spies, who long had been
The creatures of the aged Madam,
As bad as ever liv'd since Adam,
To watch who slept, who walk'd, who din'd,
These myrmidons were all inclin'd;
The servants brib'd, with shiners glistening,
The pimps and panders hourly listening;
And when they could not purchase crime,
All morals human and divine
They shuffled, to effect the plan
Of old Sultana, Mother Sham,
Who call'd a meeting of the set,
Infernal imps together met,

They swore they saw the crime committed,
And something worse, were they permitted;
That strangers visited the fair
In private, they would boldly swear;
That one, a foreigner was stil'd,
Whom 'tis suppos'd had got a child;
With other cruel base assertions
Of Chinese, too, and traitor Persians,
All drill'd, protected, pamper'd spies,
Brought forth these heterogeneous lies;
While Caroletta's upright heart,
Call'd honour's aid to take her part.
With mind alert, and penetration,
She dar'd at once investigation.
The beldam then refused access
To every Pacha, who'd do less
Than join the murd'rous hue and cry,
That Carolett deserv'd to die.
The Pachas, Deys, and Beys assembled,
But Carolette never trembled;
She'd conscious innocence to guard her,
The people's blessings to reward her;
While ev'ry foe of her's was hated,
Which never till this hour abated;
To all their baseness, on the trial,
Sound facts declar'd a prompt denial;

The child, its birth, and humble mother,
A lowly peasant's, and no other;
The whole its parents ascertain'd,
While honest information gain'd:
Acquittal from the sanguine crew,
Whom public hatred did pursue.
To Sultan Sham she then applied,
Who order'd, should she be denied
The honours due to her high station,
He'd rise a rumpus thro' the nation.
The old Sultana, base deceiver,
Was forc'd in public to receive her,
Yet all her arts did still pursue her,
Determin'd that she would undo her.
The son, with hopes of wealth elated,
To please the dam his consort hated;
And further, form'd a resolution,
Which should be put in execution,
That from the morals of his wife,
His child, as it grew up in life,
Should not in private see its mother,
Her friends, connexions, any other,
But those who should be well selected,
And by his mammy all elected.
If Caroletta's palanquin
Should stop, or in the street be seen

With her dear child in conversation,
Each servant should meet castigation.
Poor Caroletta! what a pity
To taunt your path with iniquity.
Behold this persecuted creature,
Denied the gifts of human nature,
And that to gratify an evil
Spirit, prompted by the Devil.
There's some in hell would reign alone,
Tho' heaven should promise half a throne,
Such was the case with *Mother Sham*,
The youthful Sultan's homely dam.
While *Carolett* the nation blesses
With fervent prayers and long addresses,
And sympathizing in her woes,
Still execrating all her foes.
Her child, now growing up apace
In lovely figure, and in grace,
Determin'd she would see mother,
In spite of *gran*, or any other,
In childish days saw persecution
An inroad on the constitution,
And that her granny was the cause
Of trampling on the sacred laws,
Who thought to rend pure nature's ties
By sheer malignant, arrant lies.

Tho' baffled, still had shown her spite
To her dear mother, day and night;
Who to the nation prov'd a curse,
Which now led on from bad to worse,
As prospects dreary soon would show it,
The poorer classes now well know it.
Old granny rose, with visage cruel,
Her nose discoloured, eyes like fuel,
She spoke of power, of right and place,
And call'd the young one *brazen face*;
Then hail'd a Rev'rend Guardian near,
To see, to listen, and to hear:
Rebellion to her mighty power,
Her son should know in half an hour;
The youthful fair rose in a gig,
At once upset the Doctor's wig,
Who groan'd with sad gesticulation,
And bow'd submissive adulation:
Cried, Princess fair, what are you at?
You hypocrite, said she, take that;
This holy Lord she soundly whops
Across the Roman nose and chops;
While Mother Sham roar'd like a pig,
She snuff'd, and scratch'd her foxy wig.
The people heard of the transaction,
Which gave them general satisfaction.

The wolf in lawn, so like a lamb,
Kick'd out of court with Mother Sham;
But not before young Lotte spoke
So loud, they found it was no joke :—
'Twas you, she said, yea, and no other;
That persecuted my dear mother.
Oh! had my sire one good adviser,
He would not, as he does, despise her;
'Tis you, malignant wretches wrath,
With thorns have spread her wayworn path,
And, by your spells infernal, led
My father from my mother's bed,
To painted, plump, adulterous dames,
The country soon shall hear their names!
Whose lords cornuted gilded horns,
And titles every pate adorns;
With place and pension, pimps of power,
Like locusts, people's rights devour,
And while enormous jobs they're carving,
The working classes' children's starving:
Without a spark of true religion,
You would the people's pockets pidgeon;
And if you could but have your wish,
You'd grapple every loaf and fish.
The day I hope in time to see,
When power is left 'twixt you and me;

The people then will flock around,
A friend of your's will not be found.
In future never dare direct
A word or deed that should reflect
On my dear mother's martyr'd name,
To whom you have imputed shame;
So spread no more your cursed lies out,
Or else I'll scratch your ugly eyes out.
The Reverend Wolf at once astonish'd,
His youthful pupil then admonish'd;
He preach'd on duty and obedience,
On granny's wisdom and experience;
While *Lotte* cried no hacknied cant,
No more your lectures I shall want,
Therefore your prate is out of season,
My next director's truth and reason,
Set off elsewhere and run your rigs,
Or else I'll kick out both your wigs.
They saw 'twas needless time to waste,
They made their exit off in haste,
They saw to rising power must yield,
And left her victor on the field.
The din of cruel war did cease,
And all the nations round in peace,
The sultans, kings, and great alliance,
To all their subjects in affiance,

Had promis'd, when the war was o'er,
They'd give them all they ask'd, and more;
But first, to China being invited,
With *minerets* they'd be delighted,
With bells, pagodas, sweet sensations,
With music and illuminations,
With mandarins, and cannons' rattle,
And *little ships* in line of battle,
With every other pretty thing
To please a sultan or a king;
And when from China they came back,
They'd please the people all, good lack!
But promises are but a token,
That, when it suits, are kept or broken;
For promises are flimsy things
When made by sultans, lords, or kings,
As all the promises, they say,
Are not fulfill'd unto this day;
But as I must my steps retrace,
Let's place the parties face to face.
To China, then, we will adjourn,
To see the royal fireworks burn;
And all the lords and ladies gay,
Who made a splendid holiday;
To see the monarch's vacant gaze,
To see the jewels in a blaze,

To see the heir of Sultan Sham
In state, beside his beauteous *dam*,
Surrounded by great pimps and cuckholds,
Squat Musselmen, and diamond buckles,
With painted dolls, and black legs plenty,
Who'd rob you of a pound or twenty:
And then to see the antiquaries,
The tinsel'd, tassel'd janisaries,
The pickpockets in every row,
The booths fill'd to an overflow;
Here splendid poverty did shine,
With rivulets of rosy wine,
Where miss and madam had their fun,
Where thousands had been lost and won,
By cheats and dealers in foul play,
They wager'd, revel'd night and day.
Tho' fine the booths around the fair,
Poor Caroletta was not there,
The beldam invitation gave
To courtiers comical and grave,
At every ball and every rout,
Still *Lotte's* mother was left out,
Who tried to see her near relation,
And made a formal application,
But Mother Sham and Son objected,
And thus her presence was rejected.

Altho' by bawds and jilts surrounded,
They tried her honour to have wounded.
Among the mighty folks assembled
Had she appear'd, they should have trembled,
Then Caroletta would outshine
The wanton herd of courtly swine.
Tho' Mother Sham to form pretended,
And modesty she still defended,
Yet leeches, bawds, both young and old,
If introduc'd by sordid gold,
Were welcome guests to Mother Sham,
For virtue did not care a d——n;
Except in glittering mock and show,
Would she to mosque or mattins go;
And then with sycophants surrounded,
With titled bawds her ranks abounded.
Now *Lotte* grew in years a score;
There's none could love a mother more;
She saw her insults black and many,
Directed by her wicked granny.
She saw around the sinful tribe
Who'd rob you, or accept a bribe
For pimping, cuckoldom, or cheating,
Such were received at this grand meeting;
Tho' poor Carletta's left in durance,
Despis'd by those with foul assurance:

Who chuckled at her want of grace
To keep her station, power, and place.
Tho' *Lotte* view'd the group around,
Among whom was a lover found,
Yet still her mother's wrongs she bore,
And felt in heart and spirit sore;
Then said, in an emphatic tone,
If ever I enjoy a throne,
When certain ladies bend or kneel,
I'll make them all my vengeance feel.
When revelry and shew was done,
The grannam and vain-glorious son,
As Sultan Sham was old and ill,
They'd make the nation pay the bill;
For all the gewgaws, corals, bells,
For Punch and Judy, royal swells,
As royalty enjoy'd the play,
The people had a right to pay.
There's none for glitter could be riper
Than *Grannam*, who ne'er paid the piper;
She'd pocket all so condescending,
That was she paid well for defending
A culprit from untimely end,
The money'd prove his certain friend.
Conspiracies anew began,
As out of sight reign'd Sultan Sham.

The mandarin, all skill'd in laws,
To whom poor Caroletta's cause
Had been entrusted, here play'd booty,
And swerved, a villain, from his duty;
He sold his mistress for a place,
And help'd to load her with disgrace,
Till in the council he met death,
And lost, at once, his place and breath;
A warning to false-hearted fellows,
Who know not when death stops their bellows.
Young Sham now fix'd as regal vice,
Enjoying Venus, Bacchus, dice,
Forgot his former friends, and throws
His favors to his former foes;
Neglect and poverty their lot,
Vice Sultan did not care a jot;
And if reporters speak the truth,
The friends of freedom and his youth
He then forsook, none dare intrude,
This monster of ingratitude,
Who never woman treated well,
Nor man, as many friends can tell.
And now to lead an honest life
His pimp pick'd up another wife;
She was an actress of renown,
Suppos'd to be the best in town.

But Sham, whose feelings now were cloy'd,
This beauty he had not enjoy'd
A month, before she's sent adrift,
To get her bread, or make a shift
With other gallants, not so fickle,
For she could not his fancy tickle:
In truth she made a better hit,
Tho' in some time, that did not fit,
Her ranting, roving inclination
Soon chang'd her part and situation.
Now the Vice Sultan look'd around,
And in a little time he found
Another wife, a fifth, they say,
Mature in years, tho' brisk and gay:
She had a husband, was a granny,
Tho' still libidinous as any;
She had a flock of children too,
Yet she so well knew what to do,
That Sham considered her bright eyes
As precious gems above all prize,
One gem, 'tis said, deserv'd another,
He raised the son to please the mother;
On her he'd other gems bestow,
Of great amount, as she must know,
Were pluck'd from each bold peasant's brow,
Who work'd, who toil'd, or held the plough;

So now this new elected queen a,
Was call'd by many Hardfartina;
To such he the people's wealth divided,
For all her family provided:
Her husband plac'd so very near him,
That when he rapp'd Vice Sham could hear
The son exalted to his table, [him;
To trim the stud, inspect the stable;
To cog the dice, and set the cards,
Such service merits great rewards:
This black leg son he found was clever,
Who always used his best endeavour
To rob and swindle rich and poor,
Who enter'd Sultan Sham's hall door;
And many lordlings felt the spell
Of this sequester'd second hell,
Where plucking pigeons was the game,
By Rooks, a blot on honour's name;
Where that ill got, is still ill gone,
And rob the robber's *supreme ton*;
For here, like owls, the watchmen say,
There's day for night, and night for day:
All chime to keep the game alive,
Industry points the way to thrive.
A mandarin of fighting note,
Here lost his slippers, cap, and coat;

And busy fellows oft relate,
He lost his parchments and his plate;
'Tis but what others did before,
What blessing, he lost nothing more:
Here we must leave the cheating set,
Who pluck and pilfer into debt,
And if they could, they would not pay;
So every dirty dog's his day.
The Sultan Vice to daughter said,
A husband you must shortly wed,
A man of noble Orange hue.
Said she, great Sir, that will not do;
Unhappy matches I detest them,
No peace of mind can ever bless them;
The party may be kind and civil,
I hate the colour as the Devil;
The man I do not, cannot love,
He sha'nt be mine by all's above;
My mother, Sire, this very night,
Shall set her only daughter right:
For did I marry, Sire, like you,
For gain, not love, I then should rue
A step so base in outward shew,
With absent heart as you must know.
He roar'd and curs'd at wicked rate,
He'd cage her in an iron grate!

Then from the room she quickly flew,
And left the house, by George! 'tis true;
She boldly leap'd into the street,
And least some neighbour she should meet,
With rapid steps, she next was seen
Jump into the next palanquin;
The Jarvys star'd at one another;
She cried, good lad, drive to my mother;
No sooner said, than it was done,
In minutes few the race was run:
So let my readers judge the rest,
She fainted on her mother's breast,
Who with maternal kind embrace,
Wip'd down the tears from off her face,
Which now assum'd a rosy glowing,
The briny tears no longer flowing.
Oh! what a sight for Sultan Sham,
And his intriguing, wicked dam;
Such sight to them would be a wonder,
And terrify them more than thunder.
As evil spirits haunt the mind
Of those whose feelings are unkind
To nature's sympathetic laws,
The first, the last, the only cause
That moderates the feeling heart,
And honours nature's better part.

The savage wild its kindred greet,
When time and custom make them meet;
Yet souls refin'd in modern schools,
Would call pure nature's children fools.
Now *Lotte* in her mother's arms,
Felt free from Sultan Sham's alarms:
The mother bless'd in pure delight,
She kiss'd, and wish'd her child good night.
Next day arrived, in agitation,
A messenger, her near relation,
Who to Carletta begg'd and pray'd,
As *Lotte* need not be afraid,
That he would swear, by all that's true,
She should not marry Orange hue,
Nor any but her favour'd choice,
Which made poor Carolett rejoice:
And *Lotte* too, with open heart,
She thank'd her cousin for the part
He took to lessen her distress,
And kiss'd him, could do nothing less.
He pray'd she would at once return,
And he'd engage she need not mourn,
A step so proper to her Sire,
Which every parent must admire.
He begg'd she'd make no more resistance,
And claim'd Carletta's kind assistance.

Who with her daughter interceded,
And by the mother was persuaded.
Poor *Lotte* now near broken hearted,
That her and mother should be parted;
But as oblivion to the past
Was finally arrang'd at last,
Then Lotte to her mother flew,
Embrac'd her, and then bid adieu!

END OF CANTO II.

CANTO III.

THE spirit *Lotte* lately shewn,
Convinc'd her Sire that love alone
Should make her change her mode of life,
To take the sacred name of wife;
And as he saw his daughter's love
No earthly power could remove
From Caroletta, then agreed,
If she should sign and seal a deed,
And then retreat from off his shore,
He'd grant her thousands, aye, and more.

Now Caroletta was persuaded,
Against her will, by falsehood aided,
To quit the regions of despair,
And seek in peace a home elsewhere;
But first refus'd the monies granted,
She said 'twas more than what she wanted.
Against some friends' advice she sail'd,
Which ever since she has bewail'd:
As Mother Sham again arose,
The worst of all Carletta's foes;
She sent again a hellish clan,
To watch her every woman, man,
With promis'd bribes, and letters too,
To try if trick or plot would do,
To gain the ends was Madam Q.
Just made a sixth in Sultan's haram,
To dissipate his late alarm;
A wife, no doubt, but not his own,
She was the favour'd star alone.
So sweet a creature would'nt truckle
To make a horse marine a cuckle.
And least he should be e'er annoy'd
By Caroletta, he employ'd
A new created titled spy,
To watch her movements, and get nigh

Her habitation, far or near,
And every tittle see and hear;
At nothing stop, or nothing spare
To make her guilty, his chief care;
To bribe her household first of all,
As what he wanted was her fall,
That was the grand, the splendid trophy,
To place the Sultan with the Sophy.
First, to effect her sure destruction,
He recommended sly seduction;
Gave letters too, to that effect,
That none his orders should neglect.
How cruel was Carletta's fate,
From early morn, to evening late
Surrounded by a sanguine band
Of *Leeches*, on a foreign land.
Now Sultan Sham the point had carried,
Young *Lotte* should at once get married.
He got a foreign beggar o'er
To please her, yea, and nothing more;
While Mother Sham at last agreed
To match her, yea, and mend the breed;
Particularly, as she found out,
He fed on cayenne and sour crout,
Her early diet when at home,
Till better prospects made her roam,

To fleece the natives, with her son,
As he before had often done.
This courtly stripling now selected,
In his advances was protected
By Sultan Sham and mammy too,
Poor devil scarce knew what to do.
To make the story short and sweet,
Young *Lotte* had agreed to meet
This Crouty lover, at the shrine
Of wedlock, with a pure design,
That if in time, the chance of power
Should on her head a blessing shower,
Her mother should from foreign parts
Come back to greet the native hearts.
Now splendid costly preparation
Was hail'd around this eastern nation;
And wealth immense at once was granted,
Much more than such a stripling wanted.
Still *Lotte* was beloved by all,
Much more so from her mother's fall;
Whose child they ever should caress,
And always her poor mother bless.
The wedding o'er, and matters settled,
Tho' granny felt a little nettled,
That *Lotte's* honours were unbounded;
And by the sunny flies surrounded;

Those flies of court for ever changing,
Like bees from sweet to sweet are ranging;
Content, when courtly favours run,
To bask around the rising sun.
And as young Crouty's got a name,
I must, of course, insert the same—
'Twas *Rawbold*, lanky, tall, and slender,
That gain'd this lovely blossom tender,
The hopes of all, of rich and poor,
The people's love she did secure;
And in some time the prospect fair,
Had promis'd China's friends an heir,
Which would produce a vast sensation
Throughout this great, *once* happy nation.
But life is an uncertain thing,
Not less for either queen or king,
And when our hopes are at the highest,
To danger we are oft the nighest.
Old Mother Sham would not bow down
To nature's forms, but left the town;
The old, ambitious, cruel elf
Left *Lotte* just to mind herself;
No fostering hand to cheer her pains,
No comfort from a mother gains,
To bless her child both night and day,
No: she was banish'd far away!

While Granny revel'd proud and high,
Poor *Lotte's* left at home to die;
And with her last, her dying breath,
She bless'd her mother, then met death.
The nation took a mournful part,
As *Lotte* liv'd in every heart;
On subjects thus I must be brief,
The country all were clad in grief!
Departed worth did all adore,
They did their duty, nothing more!
Old Mother Sham at once insisted,
That clothing guards should be resisted,
In doleful trappings 'twas too much,
That such a thing they should not touch;
Had she been in young *Lotte's* place,
'Twas only her such things should grace.
The people pray'd to grant the boon,
To nail her speedily and soon
Within a piece of native oak:
The thing was done, it is no joke;
She kick'd her last within a year,
Which did the people's bosoms cheer;
The country mourn'd her at their leisure,
Such mourning always is a pleasure,
For when the sound departs, the hollow
Should always in a hurry follow.

Now as young Sham saw death around,
To try where comfort could be found,
Is natural, is passing fair;
That man should take especial care
To brace his nerves, his strength recruit,
And make his intellects acute,
By active means and labours great,
To wield the sceptre of the state;
Tho' some prefer, their whims to please,
To drink and revel—live at ease—
To study gewgaws, tinsel'd trifle—
Humanely people's pockets rifle,
Already sunk too deep in woe;
While scenes, to relish Curaco,
Are courted in a great variety,
Just to demoralise society,
And introduce a lovely cure
To his exalted mind so pure.
As the old Beauty did appal
His taste, and she in turn must fall—
He now determin'd to take aim,
At what he call'd a *cunning game*;
He play'd it now, upon my life,
And purchas'd just his seventh wife;
A dame as buxom as the last,
Altho' by marriage rites made fast,

A husband all alive and hearty,
Who often fill'd the Sultan's party;
A son, too, yea, a tall young man,
Provided for by Sultan Sham,
And now in place with many others,
Of titled sisters, and of brothers.
How droll this favour'd, precious squad,
Obey the great Marchesa's nod;
Who rules, 'tis often said of late,
The Sultan, and the reins of state.
The varied scenes of Royal pleasure
Has lost the nation loads of treasure,
Yet still we find it not enough;
The Sultan's daddy, old and tough,
In time the beaten path must tread,
And be enroll'd among the dead.
But now, alas! a near relation,
A friend to freedom and the nation,
Just fled before his father's bier,
For which all mankind drop a tear.
Was this a warning freely given,
To shew the steady hand of heaven?
Was not an idle glow, a flam,
A caution grave to Sultan Sham?
Which should awake his hopes and fears,
To see so many in three years,

That each in pallid death sojourns,
From whence no traveller returns.
Not so voluptuaries grow,
For selfish thoughts alone they know.
To mankind sensualist's a curse,
Still Sham got on from bad to worse;
Altho' from death he felt secure,
The tyrant rattled at his door,
And thought to gain direct possession,
Until with science the profession,
Some learned doctors, goodly men,
Desired grim Death to call again,
Altho' around he ghastly hover'd,
The Sultan Sham at last recover'd.
To thank his Maker all agree,
Was just the course he ought to see,
Yet plac'd a doxy on each knee,
Who told him he look'd neat and thin,
That it was now a horrid sin,
That he should ever reign alone,
Upon so great, so grand a throne.
The language his great bosom fir'd,
He call'd around him and requir'd
That all his mandarins of state
Should meet before the night grew late;

That he'd remove abomination
From his *pure bed;* drive fornication;
From claim of wife and title force her,
And, right or wrong, he would divorce her;
On that he fix'd his anxious soul,
And would at nine strict call the roll;
That any one who'd not attend
He'd set him down a faithless friend.
The wish'd-for hour brought every soul,
The Sultan view'd around the whole;
He swore he'd see the junta drown'd
Before his cousin should be crown'd.
That if she dare approach the beach,
He'd bleed her with an Asp and Leech;
The Asp, his Cooke, should soon prepare
To banish her with special care.
He call'd aloud, you, MUFTI BAGS,
Now, if you hope to touch more rags,
Or fatten on the nation's woes,
You must this cousin's tricks oppose.
The Mufti bow'd and swore he'd heed him,
He'd take the papers home and read them;
And, with the Sultan's kind permission,
He should arrange the whole commission!
Next, *Shenkin* Vizer took his part,
Which he should quickly get by heart.

The *Reis Effendi* was confused,
To dirty jobs he was not used;
He monarchs led he'd proudly boast,
Where'er he went he rul'd the roost!
What, said the Sultan, do you mumble
In underbreath, if you dare grumble,
By all the G——'s on earth, I swear,
Your titles, honors, I will tear
From off that brow, that brazen pate,
So hearken to your threaten'd fate.
Effendi said, upon my life,
Great Sire, pray drown or hang your wife,
Allow me, and I'll let you see
That either is the same to me;
But if you grant me *Aga Nosey*,
We'll try to do the matter cosey,
Tho' I much dread she can forestall
The wisdom of Old Bags and all;
But as we have not time to stay,
Off to the filthy shop, away;
And when with help assembled there,
Let each to save his place take care.
Well done, my boy, cried *Cordovan*,
The *Doctor* call'd him proper man.
But *Ogden* look'd aghast and shy,
I know her well, and will not try,

So persecute her, or do not,
You'll *all* most certain go to pot.
So it will be, I can divine it,
Submissively I must decline it.
The Aga blubber'd, travel, do,
To Lisbon, or to Waterloo,
Where oft in clover I have been
With many a fair, a lovely quean
That came across my lonely way,
No matter whether night or day;
My path no doubt was oft infested,
And of my purse as oft divested;
No difficulty ever found
To change my love than change my ground.
Come, help to break the Sultan's spell,
And send her off to Rome or Hell.
The group in extacy appears,
The Sultan cried aloud, three cheers!
While Ogden slyly slunk away,
And left the rest in spirits gay.
One first invested with command,
And powers if she'd attempt to land,
To sink her if she could not swim,
'Twas all the same, by G—d, to him;
That he was wreck'd in deep despair,
And hop'd his lordship would take care,

Before she could in China launch,
To coax her with large *cart-blanche*
Of money by the day or year,
To what amount he need not fear:
With ample means he then departed,
And for the Persian coast he started,
He met Carletta with her friend,
Who saw the drift, the trick, the end;
Her mighty mien the lord astonish'd,
He pray'd she'd be by friends admonish'd.
She said there's none around the wrekin,
Shall stop me till I get to Pekin.
Oh! do not go, the danger dread you;
They're all determin'd to behead you.
Sir, you may swear by church or steeple,
My honour's guarded by the people.
It is my residence, I know it,
And to the people I will show it,
That honour is my wealth, my all,
And by it I will rise or fall;
The money too, you may reserve it,
If guilty I do not deserve it,
My innocence shall cry aloud,
Like thunder from a heavy cloud!
The Caliph Timber, with delight,
Cried out, the Queen will sail to-night.

Her equipage with trifles stor'd,
She made a shift to jump on board.
A horrid night as need to be,
Poor Caroletta put to sea.
The morning's dawn brought land in view,
No launch, no sail to bring her thro';
Yet, in a filthy boat or wherry,
She landed all—all alive and merry:
And while the people on the rocks
Assembled round in joyous flocks,
With cheering shouts they rent the air,
To see the brave Carletta there.
The town was bustle; ladies' dress'd
While Caroletta went to rest;
And all the Caliph Timber bless'd,
Who, like an honest native went,
His royal mistress to prevent
Being made the victim of deception,
And greet her with a kind reception;
He sensibly anticipated
The people all would be elated;
And so it was, when she awoke,
The freemen all embodied, spoke
The sense of ev'ry one in town,
And wish'd her health to wear a crown.

Altho' the B——s would not pray,
They'd bless her ev'ry night and day.
Now Caroletta fast approaches,
She's met by thousands, horses, coaches,
Who call aloud for restitution
From falsehood and from persecution.
And, as the capital they enter,
With shouts they shake it to the centre;
The cheering reaches court and palace,
The seat of crime, of sin and malice.
She'd not a house to place her head
'Till Caliph Timber cheerly led
Her into possession of his own,
More honour than an antient throne.
She took it kindly, on his part,
The gift came from an honest heart;
Who felt, as all good men, delighted,
And women, too, who wish'd her righted.
But, hark! the public loudly cheers,
The fair Carletta now appears,
Just to describe the people's wonder,
Who rent the air with shouts of thunder;
All parties, sects, in souls united,
The spies, informers, all affrighted!
Vizier Effendi's, Mufti's terror,
Involv'd them in a foolish error:

For profit, Sultan, and the rags,
They cram'd with *lies* two nasty bags;
On nature, here's an outrage seen,
For nature's colour must be green;
The whole with *sham* at once conspiring
To blast what ev'ry man's admiring.
Can bravery alone do less,
Than virtue succour in distress?
The Divan had repeated meetings;
The cities, towns, sent cordial greetings;
Who welcome Caroletta home,
And place her in a splendid dome.
But, no! the Sultan's council met,
A base, nefarious, bigot set,
They offer'd any sum to pay
If she would only keep away.
She cried, you wretches, I shan't budge,
For Sultan, minister, or judge;
So let me have an honest trial,
The people will take no denial:
I want no more than others do,
For justice I insist is due
Unto the poorest in the land,
And that I promptly do demand:
My innocence disdains your fury;
Come, try me by an honest jury.

The *Mufti* said, *mam*, that won't do,
We must adopt a course quite new;
We know the people would protect you,
And that's the cause why we neglect you;
But if you please to shew your back,
All will be settled in a crack.
Carletta rose, with noble air,
And bid old Mufti Bags take care,
Or she would soon his efforts dish,
And send his wife to buy the fish;
And if at pranks she should detect him,
His lady would at once correct him.
He then called out, oh, what a crime!
I'll judgment pass another time.
The Vizier, Shenkin, then proceeded,
For precedents he greatly needed;
As her's was like no other crime,
To punish her he must beg time.
Now, Reis Effendi thought it right,
As nothing could be done that night,
That, as a friend would undertake
To settle, just for mercy's sake,
As he should speak for Sultan Sham,
Old Bramber Fanatic's the man.
Now Bramber rose, with modest look,
A hypocritic, sly, old rook,

Who thro' the stews would take delight,
Incog. to ramble every night;
He spoke of scandal, wrath, and ruin,
That in the bags had long been brewing,
That if they once perchance should burst,
Of mischiefs they contain'd the worst.
How all the press would teem and bellow,
And every dirty, scribbling fellow,
The truth would publish in variety,
In spite of the base Vice Society;
That party spirit would be hurl'd
To shock the pure religious world.
Altho' it was not strictly fair
She should be left out of the prayer;
With other stigmas fix'd upon her,
It did not sure affect her honour;
That he could then the matter see,
They should appoint a committee,
With compliments she can't resist,
And kneel to kiss her pretty fist;
All this must flatter her assent
To measures which she can't repent.
So Bramber, with an awkward squad,
To Caroletta knelt; how odd,
Presented, by express command,
Th' address, then humbly kiss'd her hand.

She first review'd each *humbug* face,
Then answer'd with her wonted grace---
I nothing want but what's my right,
I wish you, Gentlemen, good night!
Away they walk'd like sorry snails,
Or dirty dogs that lost their tails:
And back they travel'd in disgrace,
An inch was added to each face.
They told the story, nothing more,
They told it softly o'er and o'er,
While half the meeting then set grinning,
Old Bramber told them they were sinning.
The *Squeaker* call'd, obey the order.
A lawyer from a foreign border
Call'd out, what Sir, nonsense teaching,
We want no further *form* preaching,
And if I am, good Sirs, permitted,
My head I'll pledge, the Queen's acquitted.
Now *Cordovan* arose in fury,
And said, she can't expect a jury;
It is no common crime, I know,
But back again she now must go.
Her presence raised throughout the nation,
A royal rumpus, botheration;
She'd baulk'd our glorious Coronation.

While *Crovit* said you've caught a tartar,
She'll not at present die a martyr;
And if such fools as you attempt it,
No doubt you shortly will repent it;
You talk of virtue's obligation,
Forgetting, Sir, retaliation,
With hundred acts of fornication;
Was not the Sultan, at the time
He gave his hand, involv'd in crime;
Adultery, as many know,
And which on trial we can show?
Then let him and his filthy bands,
Come into court with clean wash'd hands;
And not with lousy wretches rush
To make a court of justice blush.
Collections from each town and city,
A fund of fraud and iniquity;
A set of hungry *Lazaretto*,
Professors of the dark *stiletto*,
Who'd swear, and didn't care a jot,
A hole throughout an iron pot;
That Pekin was at Peckham-rye,
And Justice Bags all in my eye;
That canting dogs were God's anointed,
And spies by Providence appointed;

That Leeches never left their stings;
That Cookes were mostly useless things,
To gratify great Queens or Kings.
With whom was continence alone,
Except what graced our virtuous throne;
But if the cause should e'er be tried
God would support the weakest side.
A Bennetdicto next arose,
He quoted scripture verse and prose;
He said, with bold emphatic tone,
That very few deserv'd a throne:
That if Carletta was the worst,
And was of Eve's descendants curst,
She'd match the Sultan to a hair,
For bad and worse he'd stile the pair.
The Reis Effendi loudly spoke,
When Bramber Fanatic awoke;
He rubb'd his eyes all in a fright,
Being caterwauling the whole night;
Call'd order, order, what's the matter,
Sleep, Bramber, sleep, 'twill make you fatter.
The Reis Effendi then resum'd,
And hop'd it would not be presum'd,
That as Carletto was denied
The form which other folks had tried;

That it had caused the least sensation,
In putting off the Coronation;
That he could swear, for Sultan Sham,
For pageant he don't care a d---n,
Except in caps and tassels funny,
Just ways and means to spend the money:
And, as he must to court return,
He pray'd their worships to adjourn.
Next Daman chiek, he begg'd delay,
As he'd got something more to say;
That pension'd spies and instigators
Should be abhor'd by legislators;
As agents in a rotten cause
Are thus describ'd by wholesome laws,
The man that's aiding and abetting,
The crime, in substance, is begetting.
Tis thus a sanguine filthy clan
Should be transported ev'ry man;
To feed on frogs and macaroni,
Amidst the hateful Lazaroni;
Or sour-krout with a *German Baron*,
Who like a vulture, fed on carrion;
A pick-lock thief, with conscience hollow,
Whose vengeance would a woman follow;
A wretch, who'd every cup-board open,
E'en that which kept the starch and soap in:

One of that base deceptious tribe,
Who would a menial servant bribe
To sell the honour and the life
Of his grand master's noble wife:
He got well kick'd with passport over
To H——ll, to L——n, or H——r.
That him who'd hurt an injur'd woman,
Was coward, caitiff, traitor—no man.
As all by nature should protect her,
And curs'd be him who would neglect her;
That rank and fortune made the crime,
A ten-fold sin at any time:
That when the great gave such a sample,
The small no doubt would take example.
The country felt the power of rags,
The country hated secret bags;
The country hated imposition
And this detested inquisition.

My next shall pass in strict review,
On one Marchessa and Madam Q——.
I will expose each Godly saint,
And some new scenes will truly paint;
Such scenes as ne'er appear'd before;
At least, a sketch of half a score!!!

FINIS.

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